# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

*Associate Editors*

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

## Prohibition and Personal Liberty

*By* JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

## From San Francisco to Honolulu

*By* CURTIS W. REESE

## Except a Man Part with All That He Hath

(CONCLUSION)

*By* WILLIAM G. SIMPSON

## Lord Morley's Memorandum of Resignation

*By* WALTER WALSH

VOLUME CII NUMBER 13

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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## SPECIAL!

### *Two Features for 1929:*

(a)—Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is leaving directly after New Year's for a three months' trip to Palestine, where he will deliver an address in dedication of a Public Health Center in Jerusalem. On his return he expects to visit Constantinople, Athens, Egypt and Italy. During his absence, *Mr. Holmes will contribute a weekly letter to* UNITY *describing his observations and experiences.*

(b)—Our Associate Editor, Mr. Reese, is now in India, in attendance on the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Brahmo-Somaj. He plans to return to America *via* Egypt and the Mediterranean. On this four months' trip, *Mr. Reese will write for* UNITY *a series of letters describing his experiences, especially in India.*

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1928 NUMBER 13

### ABOLISH WAR

"Unless we can eliminate war it will be the death of civilization and of all that makes life—individual life, communal life, international life—worth living. There can be no effective safeguard of the most treasured possessions and promises of our race, until we have wiped international warfare off the slate of possibility. That is no utopian ideal. As difficult, if you like, as unimaginable, things have been done. Slavery, private war, dueling, were all regarded in their days as natural and even necessary institutions. Why and how have they disappeared? Not by repression, not by coercion, but through the operation of moral force which sapped their vitality, which discredited their authority, and which brought them in due time, one and all, their message of doom. So it will be when, by the same agencies, the curse of war becomes, as it will become, a memory of the past."

—*Earl of Oxford and Asquith.*

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Christmas is on the way. And UNITY hopes that this means that new subscriptions are on the way. Look at our "Special" on the opposite page, and ask if you can do any wiser or happier thing than share your joys with your friends by giving them each a subscription to our paper for this coming year! UNITY ought to be able to double its circulation at this abundant season by the simple device of each reader securing another reader to partake of our "feast of reason and flow of soul." This is the one time in the year when we turn frankly to our friends and ask them to lend a hand. Do not fail us!

---

We have been slow in the matter of informing our readers of an important despatch which appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor,* of November 9th last, describing the foreign policy contemplated by Herbert Hoover in his forthcoming administration. This despatch we regard as the most important news item which has appeared since the election. Its trustworthiness is guaranteed, first, by the reputation of the *Monitor* for absolute reliability; and, secondly, by the high character of the correspondent who is known to have written it. This matter of authenticity is important in view of the fact that the despatch in question announces the startling news that "the foreign policy . . . of the United States will be thoroughly revised by Herbert Hoover during his term as President." First of all, he will give this policy his personal attention, thus utilizing to the full his own "vast knowledge and experience" in the international field. Secondly, he will take as his one dominant objective the cause of "peace and its promotion." Thirdly, and more particularly, Mr. Hoover will support the Outlawry of War ideal as embodied in the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, and will seek to advance and extend it "with concrete proposals for the drastic limitation of armament and military forces." "It can be authoritatively stated," says the *Monitor's* correspondent, who is now with the President-Elect on his South American trip, "that Mr. Hoover during his term as President will move to call international armament-curbing conferences, both naval and military. . . . The President-Elect is a profound believer, both as a Quaker and as an international engineer and business man, in the use of peaceful methods to adjust differences." Senator Borah, it is added, expects to work in fullest harmony with the new President, and support his policies to the full. All this is most reassuring as confirming UNITY'S judgment, as expressed in its November 19th issue (see page 155), that Mr. Hoover is "a man who knows the world, and who is abundantly competent to handle world problems in the right spirit." It is also a bright light shining through the dark confusion of the present international situation in Washington.

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Many of the peace folk in this country are feeling not only surprised but discouraged that the fight for the ratification of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty should be tangled up in the Senate with the passage of the Big Navy Bill. To such it may be encouraging to know that this entanglement is being viewed with no little delight abroad—as, for example, in England! Note how the President's Armistice Day speech and the Senate's program of passing the Navy Bill have been received in that country. With discouragement? Not at all! On the contrary, with bitter and active resentment *not* against America but against the Tory government of Mr. Baldwin. If the United States is arming herself at this critical juncture of international affairs, our English peace friends are saying to their fellow-countrymen, nobody is to blame but Chamberlain, Cushendon and Company. America has been doing everything within her power for the cause of peace. She made an unprecedented gesture in offering the multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war, and the Tories well-nigh spoiled everything by hemming and hawing, and then tacking on a lot of so-called "reservations" to their acceptance. To make a complete job of

it, the Tories then proceeded to arrange the famous *entente* with France, which offered a greater armament threat to the world than anything that has happened since the Versailles Treaty. America does not trust us, cry the English pacifists. And why should she trust us? If there is any halting of the peace cause in America, say these pacifists, it is the Tory government which is responsible. Which means that, in the interest of peace, we must get rid of this government. It should be punished and terribly punished, for its sins! Thus is the situation in this country helping England. The passage of our Big Navy Bill may mean the overthrow of the Baldwin Cabinet in the forthcoming election. So all is not dark. Our loss here may be balanced by a gain elsewhere.

---

No one feels more regret than ourselves over the complication of the Big Navy Bill. But we do not propose to become pessimistic over the situation. On the contrary, we propose to be of good courage, and make what best we can out of a bad situation. At the worst, we find, like our English friends, much to give us cheer. First of all, the Big Navy Bill is on the Senate table by accident, not by design. It represents in its present stage of legislative procedure, no conspiracy upon the part of the militarists, but simply the "order of the day." Secondly, the Big Navy Bill, as it stands today, represents the same great pacifist victory that it did when it left the House. We don't propose to forget that great uprising of public opinion last year which reduced the Navy Bill from a threat to all the world to a mere routine measure of navy replacement. If the Bill should pass the Senate by a unanimous vote, we would still regard it as a pacifist triumph. We want to see the measure defeated; but, if that supreme joy is denied, we shall still claim for the pacifists the palm of victory. Again, the Navy Bill represents no defeat, no nullification, of the Kellogg-Briand Treaty. It originated before the Treaty was signed; it is a product of the very war system which the Treaty proposes to end; it is a hang-over from the old war-world which has not yet passed away. So far from being a menace, its value is incalculable as showing the kind of thing we shall be forever up against if the Treaty is not ratified. We once again revert to our dictum that disarmament will follow peace, and not peace disarmament. Outlaw war, get rid of the whole war-system, and army bills and navy bills will disappear of themselves! Lastly, let it not be forgotten that our one objective is the ratification of the Peace Pact. Nothing must be allowed to stand in the way of that. But let this be added! If the Navy Bill is passed, the Peace Treaty must be passed as well. It must not be delayed, nor even qualified with reservations. One thing no one of us would or could forgive—the failure of the Treaty in this next session of Congress.

It seems amazing that newspapers should be willing at this late date to carry stories about the impending fall of the Soviet government in Russia. After the experience of those early years of the revolution, it would seem that Riga, Helsingfors and Paris must forever be under suspicion as sources of information about the Bolsheviks. But in recent weeks, these familiar old date-lines have blossomed out once more, with stories as fantastic as any that used to appear in the good old days when Moscow was falling, Lenin in flight, and Trotsky assassinated not less than once a week. Thus, we are told of a split in the Communist Party which threatens dissolution; of peasant uprisings which portend the end of the Bolshevik regime; of a separatist movement in the Ukraine, which anticipates universal rebellion; and of food shortage in Moscow so serious that foreign diplomats have to appeal to their home governments to keep them alive. Is there any truth in these tales? Yes! While the Ukrainian uprising is "an exploded myth," to quote the phrase of Walter Duranty, the *Times* correspondent in Moscow, the other three tales contain a modicum of fact. Thus, there are differences of opinion in the Communist Party. There is peasant discontent, which in some cases has broken out into acts of violence. The report of the hungry diplomats is especially illuminating, as witness Mr. Duranty's account:

> It happens that last Sunday was the Latvian national holiday. The Lettish Minister at Moscow, Karl Ozols, invited his friends and diplomatic colleagues to a celebration of the anniversary of his country's independence.
>
> M. Ozols has a model farm in Latvia from which he ordered a lavish supply of fattened turkeys, geese, ducks and flowers. He also arranged for a supply of the unequalled salmon trout from the Dwina River to be sent to Moscow to deck the feast. There is no food shortage in this city, but the guests, including the Acting Foreign Minister Litvinoff and other Soviet dignitaries, appreciated the Lettish hospitality as it deserved. It is easy to understand how the Riga story originated.

Here is truth! But such truth is hardly serious—certainly not serious enough to justify wild tales of the overthrow of the Bolsheviki, and the return of the country to the Whites. There is no reality to any interpretation of Russia which does not begin with acceptance of the fact that the Soviets are here to stay. To revamp the old stories about inward dissension and outward revolt is to confess oneself a fool. One may wish these things devoutly, but a wish is one thing and a wish-fulfilment something very different.

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The Fascists have some good ideas, as well as some terrible ones. Take this idea, for example, of seizing uncultivated farms! Months ago Mussolini announced that, if a farmer did not plant his acres, they would be taken over by the state. And now the Duce, true to his word, has just seized an idle farm. This action is an application of the principle that property is *based* on *use*, and we think it a good principle. The Bolsheviki have applied it to housing. A man can live

in only one house at a time; if he owns two or three houses, the extra ones may be occupied by somebody else. Indeed, in the case of acute housing shortage in Moscow, the Bolsheviki have taken over rooms as well as houses. A person to a room, at least—this was the rule! An extension of this principle would bring interesting and not unwholesome results. For example, take clothing! Every now and then we read of some traveler who has twenty, thirty, or even forty trunks of wearing apparel. With half the world naked, why should not one or two trunks be enough? Or books—why should these precious vehicles of knowledge and inspiration not be required by law to discharge their freight at intervals? We realize that no man, even the most ardent student, can use all of his books all of the time. Many volumes stand, like military reserves, ready for duty on call. But we are not talking now of the man who uses his library. Rather is our thought of the man, or family, whose books stand like forgotten wares in the attic—never read, or even looked at. Such books should be seized, and given to some hungry soul starving for the printed page. It might be well for us all to ponder this principle of possession for use. What have we got that is always idle? What do we hold in merely miserly accumulation or heedless indulgence? If we find such thing, why not dispose of it, and thus equip somebody else with what we do not want?

---

It would be unfair to call HERMANN SUDERMANN, dead on November 22nd last, the German Sardou, for the former had claims to genuine literary attainments which the latter never possessed. Yet we think of the author of "Magda" instinctively in association with the author of "Fedora," "Gismonda," "Tosca," for it was in Sudermann's masterpiece, as in the Frenchman's plays, that Bernhardt electrified the dramatic world. "Magda," indeed, was not merely the vehicle of the "Divine Sarah." It was acted with enormous effect by Modjeska, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and the immortal Duse. Every distinguished actress yearns at one time or another to play this play, and it will be long before it disappears from the boards. Indeed, antiquated as it now seems, it has a place in history as bridging, *via* Pinero and Jones, the gulf between Ibsen on the one hand and Shaw upon the other. Sudermann had other claims to distinction. His "Song of Songs," for example, was an unforgettable novel. Power he had, a sense of drama, and, for all his artificiality, a feel of the pulse of life. But he was no such poet as his great contemporary, Gerhard Hauptmann; and when the latter, and not Sudermann, was granted the Nobel Prize for Literature, the world approved. The death of Sudermann marks the beginning of the end of a literary era in Germany—the era before the War, and even earlier. Hauptmann lingers, an honored but lonely figure. We are scornful of these old giants, we flippant sons of the post-War generation. But will this generation produce their like? We scan the horizon, but see few stars mounting the eternal skies.

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## Prohibition and Personal Liberty

On December 30, 1905, Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, speaking against the Pure Food bill, said:

> Is there anything in the existing condition that makes it the duty of Congress to put the liberty of all the people of the United States in jeopardy? * * * Are we going to take up the question as to what a man shall eat and what a man shall drink, and put him under severe penalties if he is eating or drinking something different from what the chemists of the Agricultural Department think desirable?

Supporting Senator Aldrich, the distinguished Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, said:

> The bill needs revamping in the interest of the liberty of the citizen.

These statements, made by sincere and able men in opposition to a great movement of social reform, we smile at today. In the same way are we going to smile a quarter of a century hence at similar statements made today by similarly sincere and able men in opposition to another great movement of social reform: Prohibition!

The parallel is striking. The Pure Food law prohibited not food, but such food as is dangerous to the public health and safety. The Prohibition law prohibits, not drink, but such drink as is dangerous to the public health and safety. Today, in the case of Prohibition, as yesterday in the case of the Pure Food law, appeal is taken to "the liberty of the citizen." In neither case is this liberty involved, for in every well-organized society the liberty of the single individual is necessarily adjusted to the welfare of the social whole. Only four liberties are inviolable in a free society—those named in the Bill of Rights, which are liberty of speech, liberty of the press, liberty of assembly, and liberty of religion or conscience. All other liberties are conditional. Not otherwise can society survive.

Is it not time that this discussion of personal liberty in connection with the Prohibition law were suspended by sensible men? The Prohibitionists believe that the alcoholic drinks outlawed today are dangerous to public health and safety. If they are correct in this belief, there can be no question of their right, indeed their duty, to sustain the Eighteenth Amendment. But are they correct? Here is the heart of the whole question now so furiously in debate. On this issue Prohibitionists are ready to meet their antagonists at any time and in any place.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

## Jottings

A crack new ocean liner is advertised as having "all outside staterooms," "private baths," "a children's playroom," "two built-in deck swimming pools," "a summer garden," "a deck garage for automobiles," etc., etc. Of the one thing, however, in which we are most interested, since the Vestris sinking—whether the boat will float or not—the advertisement says not a word.

---

A great soldier once said that, in going into battle, he found comfort and courage in the thought that the enemy was just as badly scared as he was! It may be well for pacifists to recall that the militarists are just as much disturbed over the Briand-Kellogg Treaty as the pacifists are disturbed over the Navy Bill. The stick has two ends.

---

A new job for the League of Nations! Lord Lugard, of England, has demanded that the League protect from extinction the gorillas and chimpanzees inhabiting the mandated territories in Africa. This sounds like a sensible idea. If men will persist in slaughtering one another, the League may well give itself to saving the monkeys and thus beginning the evolutionary process all over again.

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Types of American womanhood—Aimee McPherson, Texas Guinan, Anita Loos, Peggy Joyce, May West.

---

We have suffered a blow which is almost mortal. In a personal letter addressed to us we read:

> Your name is close to that of Gene Stratton-Porter, William Jennings Bryan, Houdini, and others who will hereafter speak only through their written word and the memory of their good deeds.

In heaven's name, who are these "others"; and what have we done to deserve this fate?

---

A slogan for the fight for the ratification of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty this coming winter: *It shall pass!*

J. H. H.

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## Travel Notes—From San Francisco to Honolulu

(Editorial Correspondence)

Passing through the Golden Gate is a thrilling experience. Friends have said goodbye. Confetti strips have stretched from ship to pier till broken. We face westward. The stranger by my side remarks that the bay is unusually calm. He proves to be my roommate. His home is in Santa Ana, California. He is a merchant going around the world on the results of Coolidge prosperity. He voted for Hoover. He is a Methodist. He neither smokes nor drinks, and is otherwise an exemplary American citizen. Darkness falls and I go below to dress for dinner.

A sound from the next room indicates the presence of a sick lady. As a Christian I am sorry it is she. As a Realist I am glad it is not I. I go to the dining-room but quickly leave. From that moment, 7:10 p. m., November 9, till 8:30 a. m., November 14, I do not again see the dining-room, nor do I desire ever to see it again. I cross the ship and go half its length to avoid passing the kitchen. On the morning of the 10th, I go on deck, but for a few minutes only. Thereafter I remain in my stateroom till the 12th. In my previous letter I remarked upon Sherman's idea of war. That is no longer adequate. Dante is better, but even he is inadequate. Each day the Chinese boy says "Better tomorrow." But tomorrow never comes. The most unsteady sea of many moons seems never to quiet. Seventy per cent of the passengers stay away from the dining-room.

However, there is always a bright side. My fear of water is a myth. In the presence of seasickness all other troubles are nothing.

But today, the 13th, I go up on deck and begin this letter. I remember that the real object of the letter is not to relate personal experiences but to sketch movements of general interest.

After the death of Ram Mohun Roy, the Brahmo Somaj was kept alive very largely by the generosity of Prince Tagore. But in 1838, the Prince's son Debendranath Tagore experienced a religious conversion, and the following year organized a Truth Teaching Association. In 1842, he and his young friends joined the Brahmo Somaj and the two movements worked side by side. Debendranath, being a Brahman, became the minister of the Somaj. He supplied the much needed leadership and organizing ability. He drew up vows, provided prayers, and otherwise strengthened the society. He swung far from the Deism of the Upanishads and of 18th Century Europe. He was a devout Theist. Like Ram Mohun Roy, he believed that original Hinduism was theistic; but unlike Roy he thought that India had no need of Christianity.

The Vedas were regarded as authoritative, and by most of the members as verbally inspired. But there were skeptics among them who said that the Vedas were fallible. So four students were sent to Benares to copy the four Vedas. Upon their return to Calcutta in 1850, the doctrine of Vedic inerrancy was abandoned.

In 1857, Keshab Chandra Sen, young, educated, full of social vision, joined the Brahmo Somaj, and soon became an active leader. For a quarter of a century he fired the movement with zeal for good works. In this period the movement grew and prospered. But finally Sen fell victim to belief in his own divine inspiration. He called his branch of the movement, The New Dispensation. He preached a curious mixture of Hinduism and Christianity. With his change from social action to religious piety, the movement began to lose power, and so its educational and philanthropic activities declined.

Following the period of Sen's leadership, the Somaj passed into a period of general organization free from the influence of any dominating personality. It continues to represent an honorable minority. It is to be hoped that the occasion of the 100th Anniversary will mark a new epoch of spiritual and social activity and influence.

Today, the 14th, we sail on a quiet sea, the sun breaks through thin clouds, and the passengers don light colored clothing. Many letters are being written, for early tomorrow morning we reach Honolulu. The time from San Francisco to Honolulu is about the same as from New York to Southampton. If we were journeying to Europe the morrow would see us safely over. But in going to the Orient we have taken only the first step.

I am all for Lindbergh. Flying can't be worse than sailing—and it is much faster.

My next letter will probably be sent from Japan.

CURTIS W. REESE.

*S. S. President Cleveland, At Sea.*
*November 14, 1928.*

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# Except a Man Part with All That He Hath

(An Article on the Demands of Love in Regard to Private Property.)

II

It means that it is possible for this man to live in a house of twenty-five palatial rooms on Fifth Avenue while ten other men, equally children of God, sleep in one foul room in the ghetto, only because the police would imprison anyone who tried to find a bed for himself in the Fifth Avenue mansion. It means that it is possible for the owners of mills, mines, railroads and the like (and this includes all those who have invested money in them) in the interest of their profits to keep the doors of their employment shut for months while hungry workers, desperately eager to work, succumb to slow starvation or to the necessity of leaving town, only because they would meet a fate even worse if they tried to force the factory gates. Property is an institution of violence. We can own property only when for our own selfish security or comfort or power or privilege, we are willing to menace, and do menace and actually ruin, the well-being of our brothers and sisters. Some of us have broken into that common store of all the good things of earth which belongs to God and was intended to meet the needs of all the children of men alike. We have plundered it and run up through it our walls of Mine and Thine, and those who have been strongest and quickest and shrewdest and most unscrupulous have got the lion's share. And because of all this that has been done and because (no matter how we got them) we continue to hold out of the common store by force, the things which really belong to all the people and without which they cannot live, little children are starving, girls are taking to the street, strong men are being enslaved in a terrible wage slavery. In order that some may have rich food, fur coats, limousines, long vacations in lovely summer retreats, or merely enjoy the privileges of a higher education and of servants in the house, others are being outlawed, and imprisoned, and even shot down. Property means bleeding. And yet the violence is so decently disguised and so well hidden from our consciousness by our easy acceptance of the familiar and customary, and our victims are usually so far removed from the seeing of our eyes and the hearing of our ears, that we have no thought of the violence that is implicit in many of our everyday acts. But if we so much as lock a door or a chest or a vault in the interest of possession, our hands are covered with the blood of our brothers. For when we turn a lock, it means that we thereby make it necessary for any man who would take our things, to break that lock and so put himself within our legal right and power to have him punished. We hold before his eyes the spectre of prison or possibly of a fate even worse. To make sure of our possessions we raise over his head the gory arm of the state, we appeal to this institution of violence which is keeping our property safe by striking fear into all the world and by trampling under its iron heel the bodies and minds and souls of men, and women, and little children. It has been said that property is robbery. And it is that. He who owns, is a thief from the common store. But it is more than that. Property means murder.

And it has this meaning no matter what kind of a person a man may be in his private relations, and no matter what his ideals and way of thinking. He may be an admirable father, a steadfast friend, and a very gently spoken man withal; he may be a socialist and spend most of his time working for a world in which all men shall sit down together at the table of the Lord, or a pacifist believing in non-resistance and working indefatigably for a world purged of war. It makes no difference. If he owns, he takes part in violence. And the blood will not be washed off his hands by going to socialist dinners or by attending pacifist conferences to talk about peace, especially if they come at three dollars per plate or six dollars per day. I never have forgotten an incident which occurred at a certain conference of pacifists toward the end of the last war. The predominating element in the conference was protesting most vigorously in the name of love against the violence implicit in organized Labor's resort to the strike. And a certain eminent rabbi of very beautiful character, himself a believer in non-resistance, stood up and pointed out, gently but with telling force, that all the while they were protesting against the implicit or occasional violence of labor's strike, they seemed to be quite oblivious of the fact that the silks and furs and gold rings which they had on their bodies, the limousines in which they drove to the conference, the servants and lovely homes from which they came, their very leisure to read about love and talk about love and pray to become more loving, depended upon their very *un*-loving acceptance of property rights which were built up on a violence that was wholesale and continuous. "For two thousand years," he said in conclusion, "you Christians have been telling us Jews to love, and for two thousand years we Jews have been asking you Christians what you mean by love." It is not so important to talk as to do. To talk about love and peace when our hands are red with the blood of our brothers is useless. If it be impossible for us to have the time and strength to preach against slavery without (as it were) keeping a slave

in our own kitchens, it would be better to let the preaching go undone and to address ourselves to those changes in our own lives which real love requires.

Nor can we escape the violence upon which property depends by regarding our relationship to our possessions as a *stewardship* with which we are entrusted by God for the purpose of serving our fellowmen. For that which we would like to look upon as a trust from God is quite obviously something which we have taken from men, which we either got by violence or, if it came to us by inheritance, are keeping by violence; and all the good we flatter ourselves we are doing with it, is only a matter of giving back with one hand what we have stolen with the other.

And the same applies to all those who would see in their wealth a reward from heaven for virtue in a previous existence. I deny absolutely that worldly prosperity *is* a reward for virtue. There is little or no connection between the two. The world's greatest saints and seers have for the most part been beggars. This which we would fain call a reward for virtue in a previous life is something which we steal for *lack* of virtue in this life.

Nor do I feel that most of those are on any more sound ground who say, "Oh, the heart of the matter is simply in detachment. So long as I do not allow my possessions to possess me, it is all right for me to have them. So long as I am willing to give my things to anyone who wants them, my love is not violated." Well, I too believe that the heart of the problem, on the *spiritual* side, is a matter of detachment, but I believe also that nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of every thousand who take this attitude without proving its genuineness by actually getting rid of all they possess, only contrive to deceive themselves. And at least, they who take this attitude should not feel that they have done their part when they have declared this attitude only to their social peers, who have no need, and too much pride, to think of taking advantage of such an "idiosyncrasy." Let them struggle in every possible way to divest themselves of the violence by which their property is kept from others. Let them stop locking their doors, their cars, everything—and let them stop using safe-deposit vaults. Let them dismiss all police protection for their property, let them refuse no man a job, nor deny him access to the cash-box and safe, and be ready to hand over their property entire, factory, farm, house, whatever it may be, to anyone who wants it. Let them announce in the Bowery and wherever men are hungry that while there is a cent left they will turn no man away. Let them tell their district policeman, the Y. M. C. A., and every lodging-house in town that any tramp or "bum," any human being whosoever in need of a place to sleep, will be welcome in their home. Let them give and give and give, even though at last they themselves become literally beggared and either have to turn mendicants like Francis of Assisi or else go to work and learn to live on wages. . . . Only they who do something like that, only they who have nothing but what men have freely given to them or what men have voluntarily left to them—only *they* have gone as far as it seems to me a man can go, and as far as a man of Love must go, to cease to do the violence that is involved in the ownership of property.

But for the most part the objections which I have mentioned will only be a sort of camouflage behind which men hide their most deep-seated objection.

It may well be that very many people would immediately recognize the theorectical force of my position and allow that the truest love can own nothing. But my experience with married couples who have wanted to be idealists causes me to fear that most people would still, as of old, at once begin to make excuses. And surely the most common excuse would be this, "I have a family and therefore I cannot do anything about the matter." But this only reveals that, for him who offers such an excuse, the whole question is still but a problem for abstract speculation and idle talk, that the enormity of owning property and the demands of uttermost love are not yet become real to him. For what we see *really*, in one way or another we simply *must* begin to struggle to do. That which a man does not strive with all that is in him to live, he does not really believe at all. . . . We may start by moving toward a life that is more simple—no servants, a smaller house, one suit, no luxurious or elaborated foods on the table, a place in our family circle always set for those who may bring their need to our back door, an ever larger sharing with those whose need is brought to our ears from every side. But it is unlikely that Love will stop there. Love has a way with those who once begin to listen to her, of asking ever more—relentlessly—ever more, and yet more. Until at last the day may come when we face the gaunt fact that we must hand ourselves over to spiritual death or else declare frankly that we can no longer own *any*thing—that we must give whatever we have to anyone who wants it.

If the man and the woman come to this conclusion together, the way is simple. Love in human hearts rose to minister unto those single men who trusted everything to it, in Palestine and mediaeval Italy, and even now in India, and Japan, and money-hardened America. Shall we for a moment doubt that this same divine Love would be less ready to respond to the faith of a man who trusted to it not only his own life but the lives of a wife and little ones? Indeed, among the comrades who are with Tenko Nishida at Itto-en ("The House of One Candle") near Kyoto, I actually found at least one couple, owing much of their inspiration to Buddha, yet penniless as Jesus was penniless, who had had faith enough to go ahead and have a little baby. And love was caring for this little one as surely as it had cared for the father and mother while yet they were single. Always what is true will work. Though it never has been done before, there is a way by which it *can* be done. By faith we shall move mountains. Everything was not revealed by Jesus. There are new wonders of human life with which God is striving to break through onto this earth today. But they will be brought to birth only by those who have faith—towering terrible faith.

But suppose the husband or the wife does *not* see what the other sees. He (or she, as the case may be) clings to possessions. What then?

Well, then, the situation is admittedly more difficult. And yet the answer is still the same, the answer of truth, the answer of unflinching inner integrity. Now it becomes necessary to remind gently but inexorably that whosoever loveth wife, or husband, or child, more than his God is not fit for the kingdom of God. Now, in the interest of a terrible singleness, it

may be necessary even to declare that it is better to hate than to be false, than to allow attachment to any human being to cause one to betray one's holy light, that no human being can serve *two* masters, that God is to be loved with every power one has, with a love that leaves no room for anything else. This is the only way there is—the only way toward real life for anybody involved or most remotely affected. Each must follow the light as she or he sees it. They who, in order to be "faithful" to each other betray the real light that is in them, and do something that is wholly true neither to the one of them nor the other, give themselves over to spiritual leprosy, blindness, and death. It may be necessary to part. All right. If, in order to be true, they have to part, then, in God's name I say to them, part! Death will part them sooner or later. In one way or another they will get along without one another then. If they are not spiritually united now, they are already dead to one another, and their life together in the face of that spiritual deadness, is adultery. I tell you, there is only *one* thing that matters: that people be utterly true. In order to be true to himself (which is the same thing as being true to his God), Buddha left his wife. It is very evident from Luke 18:29 that under the influence of Jesus men had left their wives and children and that their course had his sanction. And when a war is on, the governments take men from their families and create situations in which women and children are killed or succumb to a slow starvation. But the call now is to something far, far greater. All about us on every hand men by the million are lost in the darkness of the lie and wallow in the service of the brute, and the call is that there should be those, men and women both, who will give all that they are to serve that God who is the real man, the man who is struggling to be born, who will let all the light that is in them to shine, to *shine,* who will feed into its flame all their strength, all their loves and hopes and dreams, and though they die for it, though their wives and children die for it, will yet let their light shine—without flinching— unto the very end.

I have written earnestly and ardently and hopefully. And yet I recognize that there may be hearts which my burning words have left unmoved. And with them I must simply leave the sober conclusion of the whole matter.

Surely people of earnest and tender hearts are able to own property only because they do not know what they do. Or, if they continue to own even after they have seen, it must be only because they lack the courage to face the alternative, to go forth among men without any property, holding all that they have in their open hands, and letting every passer-by take what he will without let or hindrance. But surely, once a man has seen what property means, he can at least no longer deceive himself. If he owns he does not yet love most truly. When his love has become entirely free, he will be unable to assert any rights of possession to anything in the whole wide world. He who is poor cannot even *desire* riches and enter the community of love. He who is rich cannot enter if he *keeps* his riches. Wealth has no meaning except as others are kept in poverty. And love can never stand it to be Dives while any other man is Lazarus. It may be difficult for a rich man to give up his riches, even as it is difficult for a poor man to give up his desire for riches. But it is as impossible for any man to keep them and enter the Community of Love as it is for a camel to go through the eye of a needle or for water to flow up-hill. Between loving and owning there must be a choice. For God and private property to go together is impossible.

And yet I *cannot* end with a *sober* word—for my heart is full. Oh come! Awake! Thou slumbering divine man and woman in each human heart. Arise! Behold, the earth is the *Lord's* and the fulness thereof! What is the use of spending the best of our time and strength in a struggle to get, or even to keep what we have, when we know that soon or late the fingers that have done all this clutching and clinging must at last turn nerveless and dead and everything we have held, in spite of us, return once more to the common store? Oh, the earth runs continuous under all our fences of mine and thine and all nature is set to efface our every landmark of division until once more man shall see that the earth is the Lord's and all the good things thereof for all men to enjoy, that he who takes for himself takes at his peril and is straightway and for so long as he continues to possess, driven out from Paradise bearing upon him a curse. What shall it profit us—all this property-grubbing and property-holding—if we wake up at last to discover that in shutting out our brother we have shut out God, that in cutting ourselves off from fellowship with our fellowmen we have cut ourselves off from all that is really worth while in life? What shall it profit us to have made our life so safe and comfortable for thirty, fifty, seventy years, if it only becomes obvious at the last that what we made so safe and secure was not our real life at all, that for all our many years we never really lived one minute, never for one moment dared to step out as free sons of God, out and out all that he made us, with our own stride, our own glance, and our own word and deed? But instead we strangled this our real life, winding our fears around its neck until it could not longer breathe. Instead, we loaded it down with house, and furniture, and changes of clothing, and gold, and possessions of all kinds and innumerable, until not only could it no longer fly, it could not even walk. It could only be borne down to earth and be buried under a mound of this world's goods. And yet wherefore, oh wherefore, all this fear and folly? For *the earth is the Lord's* and the fulness thereof (I repeat it and repeat it)—all the length and breadth of it, all the height and depth of it, all the time and space of it. Is it not all the garden of the Lord? Is it not all the home he has prepared for his children? Into what part of it then should I fear to venture forth with him? Full of ravening wolves and cunning serpents? Yea, but except I *fear,* except I fear what men can do to my body, what shall stay me? And what *is* there that men can do to my body that can hurt me really? If so be I go with him, my hand in his, what is there, oh what is there in all the world, that can possibly hurt me? Shall we not then go forth into this den of lions like a little child, full of faith, giving freely all that we have, striving for nothing, trusting that all we really need shall come to us, from hearts that cannot resist our faith and love, in due time and abundantly?

Oh, do not fear . . . only have faith. . . .

[Concluded]

WILLIAM G. SIMPSON.

# The Story of My Experiments With Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1928)

PART V—CHAPTER X

## On the Anvil

The Ashram had been in existence only a few months when we were put to a test such as I had scarcely expected. I received a letter from Amritlal Thakkar to this effect: "A humble and honest untouchable family is desirous of joining your Ashram. Will you accept them?"

I was perturbed. I had never expected that an untouchable family, with an introduction from no less a man than Thakkar Bapa, would so soon be seeking admission to the Ashram. I shared the letter with my companions. They welcomed it.

I wrote to Amritlal Thakkar expressing our willingness to accept the family, provided all the members were ready to abide by the rules of the Ashram.

The family consisted of Dudabhai, his wife Danibehn and their daughter Lakshmi, then a mere toddling babe. Dudabhai had been a teacher in Bombay. They all agreed to abide by the rules and were accepted.

But their admission created a flutter amongst the friends who had been helping the Ashram. The very first difficulty was found with regard to the use of the well, which was partly controlled by the owner of the bungalow. The man in charge of the water-lift objected that drops of water from our bucket would pollute him. So he took to swearing at us and molesting Dudabhai. I told every one to put up with the abuse and continue drawing water at all cost. When he saw that we did not return his abuse, the man became ashamed and ceased to bother us.

All monetary help, however, was stopped. The friend who had asked that question about an untouchable being able to follow the rules of the Ashram had never expected that any such would be forthcoming.

With the stopping of monetary help came rumors of proposed social boycott. We were prepared for all this. I had told my companions that if we were boycotted and denied the usual facilities, we would not leave Ahmedabad. We would rather go and stay in the untouchables' quarter and live on whatever we could get by manual labor.

Matters came to such a pass that Maganlal Gandhi one day gave me this notice: "We are out of funds, and there is nothing for the next month."

I quietly replied: "Then we shall go to the untouchables' quarter."

This was not the first time I had been faced with such a trial. On all such occasions God has sent help at the last moment. One morning, shortly after Maganlal had given me warning of our monetary plight, one of the children came and said that a Sheth was waiting in a car outside and that he wanted to see me. I went out to him. "I want to give the Ashram some help. Will you accept it?" he asked.

"Most certainly," said I. "And I confess I am at the present moment at the end of my resources."

"I shall come tomorrow at this time," he said. "Will you be here?"

"Yes," said I, and he left.

Next day, exactly at the appointed hour, the car drew up near our quarters and the horn was blown. The children came with the news. The Sheth did not come in. I went out to see him. He placed in my hands currency notes of the value of Rs. 13,000 and drove away.

I had never expected this help, and what a novel way of rendering it! The gentleman had never before visited the Ashram. So far as I can remember I had met him only once. No visit, no inquiries, simply rendering help and going away! This was a unique experience for me. The help deferred the exodus to the untouchables' quarter. We now felt quite safe for a year.

Just as there was a storm outside, so was there a storm in the Ashram itself. Though in South Africa untouchable friends used to come to my place and live and feed with me, my wife and other women did not seem quite to relish the admission into the Ashram of the untouchable friends. My eyes and ears easily detected their indifference, if not their dislike, towards Danibehn. The monetary difficulty had caused me no anxiety, but this internal storm was more than I could bear. Danibehn was an ordinary woman. Dudabhai was a man with slight education, but of good understanding. I liked his patience. Sometimes he did flare up, but on the whole I was well impressed with his forbearance. I pleaded with him to swallow minor insults. He not only agreed, but prevailed upon his wife to do likewise.

The admission of this family proved a valuable lesson to the Ashram. In the very beginning we proclaimed to the world that the Ashram would not countenance untouchability. Those who wanted to help the Ashram were thus put on their guard and the work of the Ashram in this direction was considerably simplified. The fact that it is mostly the real orthodox Hindus who have met the daily growing expenses of the Ashram is perhaps a clear indication that untouchability is shaken to its foundation. There are indeed many other proofs of this, but the fact that good Hindus do not scruple to help an Ashram where we go the length of dining with the untouchables is no small proof.

I am sorry that I shall have to skip over quite a number of things pertaining to this subject, how we tackled delicate questions arising out of the main question, how we had to overcome some unexpected difficulties and various other matters which are quite relevant to a description of experiments with Truth. The chapters that follow will also suffer from the same drawback. I shall have to omit important details, because most of the characters in the drama are still alive and it is not proper without permission to use their names in connection with events with which they are concerned. It is hardly practicable to obtain their consent or to get them every now and then to revise the chapters concerning themselves. Besides, such pro-

cedure is outside the limit of this autobiography. I, therefore, fear that the rest of the story, valuable as it is in my opinion to seekers after Truth, will be told with inevitable omissions. Nevertheless, it is my desire and hope, God willing, to bring this narrative down to the days of Non-co-operation.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

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# Lord Morley's Memorandum of Resignation*

While, like sheep following their bellwethers, or slaves docile to the crack of their master's whip, the multitudes are crowding to the show arranged for them by their cunning exploiters, we have retired to this quietness to reflect on the significance of things, in the belief that we can best celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of the Armistice by contemplating the character of the British Cabinet whose deceptions and delusions, whose ineptitudes and self-interests brought War and Armistice upon the scene, and provided this annual spectacle for the harrowing of a nation's soul.

Lord Morley's "Memorandum on Resignation" is one of the smallest books of the year, but one of the the most important. After the declaration of War in August, 1914, it was generally believed that Lord Morley intended to publish an account of his reasons for resigning his place in the Cabinet, and Mr. Morel assured me that such was the case. Years passed, however, and no book appeared. The war passed, the writer himself passed, and the silence was still unbroken. Now, after fourteen years, just in time for the tenth anniversary of the armistice, and when preparations for a general election are under way, his executors avail themselves of the discretionary power conveyed by the dead statesman's will, and permit the public to see the War-cabinet at work, and to learn by what folly and incompetence wars are made. Such a revealing object lesson can never be untimely; but had it been vouchsafed fourteen years ago, it would have had fourteen times the value. Its publication at this particular juncture is for some political end, no doubt, about which we need not trouble ourselves. But its long withholding has done sore injury to the cause of peace; neither can we hold the author altogether blameless for hiding the light of truth and justice under a bushel during his own lifetime. Will it be said that he must be loyal to his former colleagues in the Cabinet? But what of loyalty to his country? I am impatient with the plea that his personal account of the momentous transactions which ended in the great war should have been deemed valuable only in the interest of history, and as a duty to posterity. Were the lives of his living and breathing contemporaries not immensely more important than the views of unborn posterity? Is not humanity of more value than history? Must millions of innocents suffer to spare the reputations of a few unheroic individuals? Mitigation of judgment is pleaded on the ground that, after war was declared, Lord Morley felt that no advantage could be gained by public utterance; as to which I will only express my thankfulness for the smaller men and women who took a larger view of their duty, though, alas, without his knowledge of the damning inside of things. A statesman of Lord Morley's knowledge might have recalled the precedent of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who though fainting and dying maintained his long and thunderous opposition to Britain's war against America:

> This, my Lord, is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can Ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it? You cannot, my Lords, you can not conquer America. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms:—never, never, never!

Such were the terms in which one of Britain's mightiest statesmen maintained his opposition,—not to a war policy only, but,—to the war itself, nor ceased till death stilled his tongue. Has that free spirit fled the breasts of Englishmen?

Let me now endeavor to follow the successive acts of the sombre drama clearly traceable through these weighty and scrupulous pages, which possess additional authority from the fact that they were no sooner penned than they were perused and endorsed by the other honest and clear-headed rebel against the Cabinet —John Burns. Such an undertaking cannot be carried through without the names which are woven into the warp and woof of the ex-minister's notes. Therefore, where no offense is intended no apology is called for.

The curtain rises on the 24th of July, 1914, when the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward

> Grey took a very important line in the Cabinet, [describing correspondence from abroad expressing the hope that] England** [Great Britain] would not fail to proclaim her solidarity with France and Russia, [warning the Cabinet that] the general European question was involved and England [Great Britain] could not afford to efface herself from the problems now at issue; that she would sooner or later be dragged into war if it did break out. . . . The time had come when the Cabinet was bound to make up its mind plainly whether we were to take an active part with the two other Powers of the Entente, or to stand aside in the general European question, and preserve an absolute neutrality. We could no longer defer decision. Things were moving very rapidly. We could no longer wait on accident, and postpone. If the Cabinet was for Neutrality, he did not think that he was the man to carry out such a policy.

It may be helpful to recall some of the persons who composed the Cabinet to whom this deliverance (practically a war announcement under threat of resignation) was made. In addition to the Prime Minister, Asquith, the Foreign Secretary, Grey, and the two members who subsequently resigned, Morley and Burns, the Cabinet included Churchill and Lloyd George, Simon and Samuel, Lords Beauchamp and Haldane. It is important to bear this in mind, because presently we shall see this tiny group of not-so-very-wise men, flourishing their official title, "His Majesty's Government," and committing the entire population of the British Empire—about half-a-million millions of people—to an unnecessary and unwarranted war, of the causes and

*An address before the Free Religious Society in London. See the review of Morley's "Memorandum" in the Study Table of last week's issue.—Editor.

**It is extremely regrettable that a scholar and statesman so careful and sincere as Lord Morley should have maintained the objectionable and inaccurate practice of employing the word "England" to indicate a country of which the constitutional title is "Great Britain."

aims of which the populations who had to bleed in blood, money, and happiness knew no more than they knew of the politics of the planet Mars. I have observed that the Foreign Secretary's belated introduction of the matter to the Cabinet was to all intents and purposes an intimation that he was for war, and this at the very commencement of what were supposed to be negotiations! Lord Morley's notes show, moreover, that the announcement was conveyed in terms almost identical with those employed by the French and Russian representatives; confirming our suspicion that from the very start negotiations were foredoomed to failure because Great Britain, behind its back, was already thirled to the war chariots of Russia and France. The representatives of those countries were urging our representatives to adopt "a firm and united attitude," were pressing for "a declaration of complete solidarity of His Majesty's Government with French and Russian Governments"; and assuring us that in any case "we should sooner or later be dragged into war if it did break out."

Here is an ominous note from the Memorandum:

One of these days Grey rather suddenly let fall his view, in the pregnant words that German policy was that of a great "European aggressor, as bad as Napoleon." "I have no German partialities," I observed, "but you do not give us evidence."

That lets in a glare of light.

So does this. The scene is a dinner-party previously arranged in the usual course of things, and having no connection with Cabinet meetings; but

Bryce was shocked at Haldane's war talk.

How did the Cabinet receive the pronouncement so suddenly exploded on them? With external calmness, it seems. Probably they were like men just waking up from a bad dream—more or less in a state of palsy, or like men unnerved:

The Cabinet seemed to heave a sort of sigh, and a moment or two of breathless silence fell upon us . . . we rambled, as even the best Cabinets are apt to do . . . into incidental points and secondary aspects . . . discussion was thin and perfunctory . . . I could not, on the instant, gather with any certainty in which direction opinion was inclining. No wonder. Everybody had suddenly awakened to the startling fact that nothing less than the continued existence of the Ministry was this time—the first time—in sharp peril from differences within.

And a little later:

The Cabinet for the first time became seriously uneasy about the danger of these foreign affairs to our own cohesion. For the very first time something of the old cleavage between the Liberal League and the faithful Campbell-Bannerman, Harcourt, and myself, began to be very sensibly felt.

A day later:

Runciman with an anxious face, speaking of the Cabinet that was appointed for Sunday morning, muttered to me as we left the room, "I'm very much afraid this is going to break us up tomorrow."

And again:

The dissolution of the Ministry was that afternoon in full view.

And he muses:

Would even the break-up of the Ministry be less of an evil both for Liberal principles, and the prospects and power of the Liberal party, than their wholesale identification with a Cabinet committed to intervention in arms by sea and land in Central Europe and all the meshes of the Continental system?

I desire you to note the attitude of this best of statesmen to the greatest crisis he ever had to face. His chief thought, even like the others, had regard to the fate of the Cabinet rather than that of the country. He pondered and weighed in his mind whether his party would be likely to suffer more from a ministerial break-up than from a Continental war. They say that office has a sobering effect on well constituted minds; and I grant it so. But what I cannot condone is its *deadening* effect; its adulteration of personal conscience, and the way it blurs the margins of things till the distinctions between individual righteousness and party expediency disappear in clouds of verbiage, and the far vision of a country's good vanishes behind a smoke-screen of inferior party loyalties. A political party is nothing but an agency for the accomplishment of certain ends and measures deemed to be for the public good, and when one party ceases to seek those ends or measures, a good citizen is justified in choosing or creating another, as a workman flings away a broken tool and forges one more likely to serve the purpose.

Then there was another private dinner party, and the eight or nine guests were

Pretty stalwart against allowing a mistaken interpretation of entente to force us into a Russian or Central European quarrel. The general voice was loud that "Burns was right." . . . They all pressed the point that the Cabinet was being rather artfully drawn on step by step to war for the benefit of France and Russia. . . . The Cabinet would undoubtedly have perished that very evening, Lloyd George and Simon heading the schism. . . . It wore all the look of an important gathering, but was in truth a very shallow affair.

How shallow an affair it really was will be realized when we reflect that some of the same loud voices were afterwards raised still more loudly for the villainous "knock-out-blow."

It is grievous to reflect that Lord Morley himself smoothed the way for the retreat of the trimmers and faint-hearts. To me the most afflicting sentence of the Memorandum is that which I am about to quote. The dinner party being united (apparently) for resignation, Lord Morley half repented:

I held that the door-step point was awkward, if we stopped there. I said that as for myself, I felt bound to go, on wider grounds. Personally my days were dwindling, I was a notorious peace-man and little-Englander, etc., my disappearance would be totally different from theirs; the future responsibilities to Asquith, to the party, to the constituencies, were quite different in their case, with their lives before them, and long issues committed to their charge. They made a loud, prompt protest of course. Lloyd George and Simon were energetically decided at the end, as they had been at the beginning, to resist at all costs the bellicose inferences from the entente . . . Pease also argued . . . His tone convinced me that the Quaker President of the Peace Society would not be over squeamish about having a hand in Armageddon. What exactly brought Lloyd George among us, and what the passing computations of the hour inside his lively brain, I could not make out.

The momentous question of the Cabinet's honesty demands one quotation more. The date is Monday, August 3rd:

Saw Lloyd George, and told him I had sent in my resignation. He seemed astonished . . . asked if I had considered the news of Germany bullying Belgium, etc. "Yes," said I, "and it is bad enough, but in my view, war is not the only reply, and it does not alter my aversion to the French entente policy and its extended application." He told me that it changed Runciman's line and his own. My impression is that he must have begun the day with one of his customary morning talks with the splendid *condottiere* at the Admiralty [Churchill], had revised his calculations, as he had a perfect right to do; had made up his mind to swing round . . . to the politics of adventure; and found in the German ultimatum to Belgium a sufficiently plausible excuse. I should be ashamed of this want of charity, in the case of any other of my colleagues except Churchill, and possibly the Lord Chancellor [Haldane].

The decisive Cabinet meeting followed:

The Prime Minister . . . opened with some severity of tone and aspect—"I have to tell the Cabinet that I have this morning the resignations of four of its members in my hands.

Burns you all heard last night. Today I have heard to the same effect from the senior of us all, the one who is the greatest source of the moral authority of the Government. . . . Besides these two, we are to lose Simon and Beauchamp." Simon followed; briefly, but with much emotion, quivering lip and tears in his eyes. He was even firmer than I was. Beauchamp said that he felt bound to associate himself with me. . . . Asquith said with some emphasis that nothing would induce him to separate himself from Grey. We then broke up without further ceremony. . . . Late in the evening [at Morley's home] Burns arrived. "Have you heard the news? Simon has been got over by the Prime Minister . . . and after him, Beauchamp. So you and I are the only two."

A reflection follows:

The old Liberalism had done its work, and the time had come for openly changing imperial landmarks, and extinguishing beacons that needed new luminants.

We may summarize Morley's moral valuation of the Cabinet in his own words:

I parted from friends without a wound or even a scratch, I could not comprehend them all, and two of them I had no choice but to *judge*.

The narrative leaves no doubt of the two whom he judged. We may leave them just where he did. As quoth Sir Hudibras:

> For when disputes are wearied out,
> 'Tis interest still resolves the doubt.

From this account, it appears that the Cabinet contained only one completely righteous man—a man who from the first hour never hesitated, never wavered, never bated his breath, never counted the cost, never went with the multitude to do evil—the only man who in the end went out with Morley; and that man was John Burns. It is worth while noting the general ground on which Burns opposed the war-policy. Morley wrote it down:

Burns himself took the lead, to good purpose, and intimated in his most downright tones that the warning to Germany not to try it on against French coasts or ships in the Channel, was more than he could stand, not only because it was practically a declaration of war on sea leading inevitably to a war on land, but mainly because it was the symbol of an alliance with France with whom no such understanding had hitherto existed . . . Burns is never furtive. . . . This proceeding tonight was admirably frank, and took full effect.

The only fault to be found with Burns was that, having gone out on protest against what he thought to be an evil thing, he ceased his protest at the door of 10 Downing Street, and during the long agony of the war spoke no word to thwart the evil doers, or to encourage the feeble minority of plain citizens who, though lacking the equipment of facts that could have been furnished by the two ex-Cabinet ministers, never lowered the white flag of peace, though, for want of the facts, they carried it like men with one arm strapped to their sides—

> While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
> So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;
> And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
> The sums that bribe their liberties away.

Necessity compels me to be very brief in merely mentioning several facts which are so important that they must at least be noted:

(1) The Cabinet took little notice of a communication made to the Prime Minister, that finance, industry, and big business were

*Aghast* at the bare idea of our plunging into the European conflict . . . But then the wisest saws count for little in the hour of practical emergency. This first-class and vital element in settling our policy received little of the attention that it well deserved; it vanished in the diplomatic hurry.

It seems to me that the new facts of Grey's secret displomacy, so suddenly brought to light, went churning through the brains of the Cabinet to their utter confusion and our undoing.

(2) Neither had the Cabinet given any thought to the probable Russification of Europe as a result of a victorious war:

Have you ever thought, (I put to them) what will happen if Russia wins? It is not England [Great Britain] and France who will emerge pre-eminent in Europe. It will be Russia . . . If she says she will go to Constantinople . . . or insist on railways up to the Indian and Afghan frontier, who will prevent her?

From this it would appear that it is the Russian revolutionaries we have to thank for preventing the Russification of Europe!

(3) The German invasion of Belgium was not in the slightest degree a cause of our entry into the war:

Neutrality of Belgium . . . was secondary to the question of our neutrality in the struggle between Germany and France; and our liability to France under the Entente.

(4) The vital question was as to "the point of honor arising on the French Entente," Mark these momentous sentences:

The significance of the French Entente had been rather disingenuously played with, before both the Cabinet and Parliament. An entente was evidently something even more dangerous than an alliance. An alliance has definite covenants. An entente is vague, rests on points of honour, to be construed by accident and convenience. The Prime Minister and Grey had both of them assured the House of Commons that we had no engagements unknown to the country. Yet here we were confronted by engagements that were vast indeed, because indefinite and undefinable. The same two Ministers and others had deliberately and frequently, in reply to anxious protests from Harcourt and myself, minimised the significance of the systematic conferences constantly going on between the military and naval officers of the two countries . . . Then the famous letter to Cambon . . . which we had extorted from Grey—what a singularly thin and deceptive document it was turning out!

(5) The writer of this historical Memorandum—as weighty as it is brief—was plainly of opinion that it was *secret* diplomacy which got us into the war, and yet that at the last hour *wise* diplomacy could have kept us out. These sentences will prove:

I remember noting that it seemed a great pity, while keeping our hands free, not to take advantage of the occasion for more talk and negotiation . . . Push on by diplomatising. . . . What was the difficulty . . . ? Why, our supposed entanglement with France, and nothing else. The precipitate and temporary blaze about Belgium was due less to indignation at the violation of a Treaty than to natural perception of the plea that it would furnish for intervention on behalf of France, for expeditionary force, and all the rest of it. Belgium was to take the place that had been taken before, as pleas for war, by Morocco and Agadir . . . I could not but be penetrated by the precipitancy of it all. . . . Why was not this great new fact [improved relations with Germany] instead of the Entente, made the centre, the pivot, the starting-point of new negotiations? . . . What grounds for expecting that the ruinous waste and havoc of war would be repaid by peace on better terms than were already within reach of reason and persistent patience? . . . Pure precipitancy!

So the curtain falls upon a Cabinet tragi-comedy, to rise upon the unrelieved tragedy of a four years' war!

I conclude with two single sentences.

The first is from a great lawyer, John Seldon:

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.

The second is adapted from Jesus of Nazareth: Since the same foolery is governing our part of the world today, let us seek to be harmless as doves with regard to our brother nations, and wise as serpents with regard to the maneuvers of British Cabinets.

WALTER WALSH.

# The Study Table

## Philosophy for the Layman

This book, "The New Morality,"[1] is the first volume in a new series called "Philosophy for the Layman" and is admirably adapted to the purpose it is intended to serve. It is entirely free from technical jargon and there is not a dull or heavy page in it. It is a healthy sign of the times that in a book intended for wide reading there should be such complete frankness and such a vital grappling with the real problems of the moral life, both theoretical and practical. Sometimes books on psychology and ethics set their readers wondering whether their authors were really thinking about living human beings when they wrote, but no reader of this book can have any doubt that the author's main concern is not ethics as an academic study, but morality as a live issue in human affairs.

The book is divided into three parts. In the first, which is devoted to the more theoretical questions, the writer discusses with great clarity and freshness the old morality and the new. With commendable sharpness he distinguishes between the old supernatural authoritarian ethics against which youth is now in revolt, the moral skepticism which is apt to follow in the first heady moments of the revolt and the evolutionary natural and rational morality for which he himself pleads. His criticism of Puritanism and Freudianism in the chapter called "From Puritanism to Freud" is a striking example of his power to do justice to two widely contrasted attitudes to life and get the good of each for our present purposes.

In Part II the author turns to "Some questionable aspects of current morality." In the fifteen chapters of this section practically every phase of our current social life is passed in review. It is impossible for any one to break entirely new ground in dealing with such practical moral problems. All that we can demand of any writer is that he shall state them with intelligence and fairness and discuss them freshly and frankly and with the motive to find a way out. Professor Drake meets all these demands successfully. He makes the sharpest criticisms of present-day American society, but never in the spirit of the muck-raker. Corrupt politics, selfish business, privilege, poisoned journalism, bootlegging, marital failures, race prejudice, war and other pathological conditions of the social organism are probed without mercy, but always in the spirit of the physician who is seeking a cure and with the faith of the meliorist that things can be made better. If modern society is a little shy about making philosophers statesmen, at least, the statesmen ought to be friendly with the philosophers, for the vocation of the latter helps them to a disinterestedness, a frankness and a courage which are seldom found combined so completely in the journalist, the preacher or the politician. The philosopher is able to confront the social situation with less malice and party-spirit and with fewer prejudices and prepossessions than any one else. At any rate, that is the impression made by Professor Drake on the present reviewer.

In a third brief part of the book, the author turns towards the future and gives us his grounds for believing that society may make moral progress if it so desires.

In only two matters does the present reviewer hesitate to follow Professor Drake. His statement of the values or ends to be sought by the moral life, in the first part of the book, leans a little too strongly towards hedonism. His criticisms of self-realization as the moral end are valid enough against certain presentations of it, but to many it seems to suggest what the moral end is more sharply than his term, happiness. In the chapter on war, doubts are aroused in the reader's mind as to the practical value of his suggestions concerning the advisability of non-resistance by a great nation in case of an attack by another nation. One might be eager to think that the suggestion was feasible and yet not be able to believe that it was practically possible. In the all-important matter of preventing war it is highly desirable that our program should not be rendered futile by its excessive ideality.

It is to be hoped that the book will be read by a multitude of young people, for it presents the issues of life with a frankness, directness and simplicity that ought to appeal strongly to them.

ROBERT J. HUTCHEON.

(1) "The New Morality," by Durant Drake. The Macmillan Co. 1928.

## A Book of Sermons[2]

In a time of confusion one can orient himself only by observing the great minds of today. In this book of widely chosen sermons one gets the movement of the moral thought of the present. Here directive minds reveal themselves, and we recognize the high moral values upon which at last our civilization must rest. Here is both insight and inspiration for the appreciative reader.

L. WARD BRIGHAM.

## An Anthology[3]

All anthologies overlap in their selections. So one need not expect to be able to use but a part of the poems in any such book. This particular collection seems over burdened with poems of a weakly sentimental kind, about the tree, the cross, and Christ. On the other hand, the selection of verses for New Year and Labor Day have a note of strength, of faith in work, of social efficiency. In many other places the modern note is also sounded, so, on the whole, the book has a sufficiently large number of serviceable poems, not found in other collections, to justify its purchase.

R. S. L.

## A Bad Egg

This book[4] is by the author of "The Hard-Boiled Virgin." It shows, like its predecessor, that Miss Newman is a witty woman who has a dirty mind, and who uses the most terrible literary style now in captivity. Are books so few that publishers need spend money, and readers' time, on such a novel as this?

J. H. H.

(2) "Anglo-American Preaching." Edited by Hobart D. McKeehan, B. D., S. T. D. Harper & Bros. Price $1.75. Sermons by Inge-Gordon, Henson Newton, Hough and others.

(3) Quotable Poems; an Anthology of Modern Religious Verse. Compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark and Esther A. Gillespie. Chicago; Willett, Clark and Colby. $2.50.

(4) "Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers," by Francis Newman. Published by Boni & Liveright.

## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### LIQUOR LAWS

[We publish this letter as printed in the New York *Times*, first, because we desire to share with our readers its cogent argument, and, secondly, because we desire to preserve it for the record. It is the best answer we have ever seen to those who think that their own deliberate violation of the law is an argument for its repeal.—Editor.]

To the Editor of The New York *Times*:

I should like to take up the present situation in regard to the liquor laws and ask a question or two. These questions concern the proper attitude and conduct of every American citizen, and especially of every great leader of public opinion.

You and I are on different sides of the fence. I take it for granted that you do not agree with me in thinking that the financial profit of the country from its prohibition policy is equal to several billions a year, or that there has been a great reduction of the total amount of drinking of alcoholic beverages in the country. I take it that you do not agree that there has been a vast improvement in all of those classes of society with which our social workers have to do, the classes for which Jane Addams speaks with such authority.

On the other hand, you probably do agree that there is an enormous amount of corruption, involving the police and detective systems, the political machines of our cities, magistrates' courts and officials of various kinds. Moreover, you agree that till this liquor question is settled, at least as far as the methods of dealing with it are concerned, no other subject before the public, however important it may be, can receive the calm and wise consideration which it deserves. The liquor question will cross party lines and confuse every debate and make it impossible to interpret rightly a popular vote.

Now comes my question, a hypothetical one: Suppose, for the sake of argument, we consider it settled that prohibition is the fixed national policy for all the future; that the amendment is a permanent part of the Constitution and that the Volstead act can never be amended except in the direction of greater efficiency. Please keep the hypothesis steadily in mind. I have found that this is very difficult for a wet. Remember that on this hypothesis there is no escape from any evil through repeal or modification. You may shatter the hypothesis later, but let us proceed upon it now. If that is the case, do you think that the small amount of personal liberty involved in the right to drink justifies a drinker in a practice which directly contributes to the bribery fund, is the whole basis of the corruption we are considering, keeps the whole question alive and makes it destructive of all healthy political life? If that is your opinion, are you not more fanatical on personal liberty than any long-haired Kansan ever was on the liquor question?

If I am right, ought we not to concentrate our attention on the drinker? Ought not every drinker of alcoholic liquor to abstain—and still more, ought not a great engine of public opinion like The New York *Times* to preach such abstinence day in and day out? Influence upon and education of the drinker offer absolutely the only way out. It has been well said it takes two to make a bootlegger. The drinker has the remedy absolutely in his hands. If he does not pay the dollar for the drink, the bootlegger has no appeal and the half-dollar or more does not serve as a bribe.

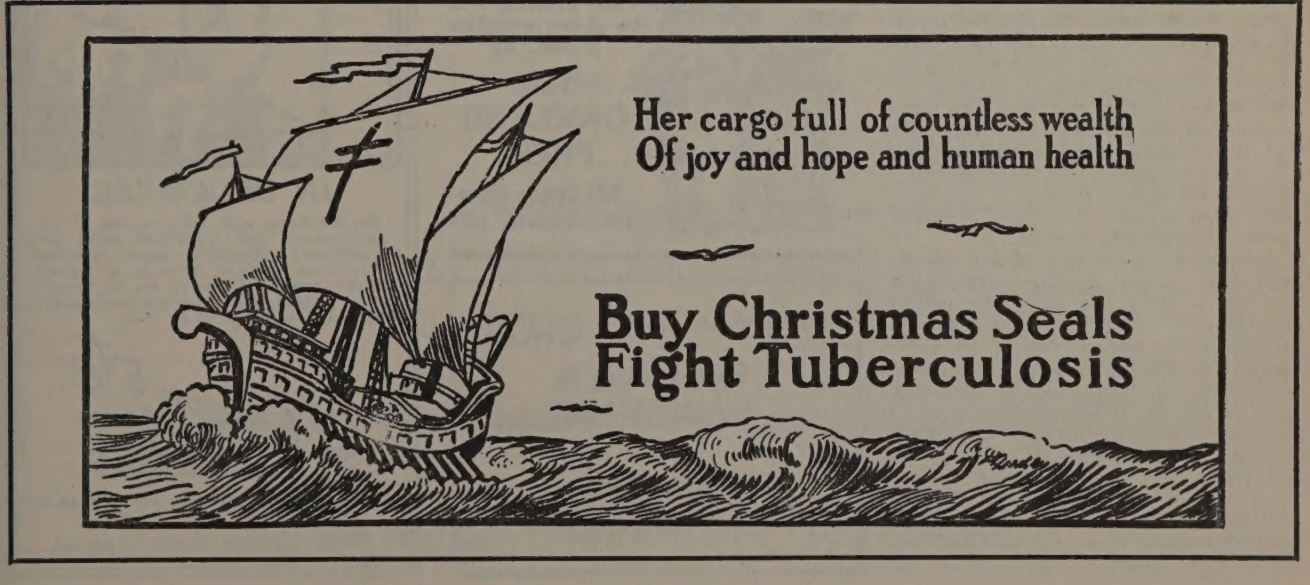
We sometimes see a defense of moderate drinking. I am not in the least fanatical about drinking as such. But I am fanatical if that is the word, about bribery, even moderate bribery.

Of course drinking and the consequent bribery would be just as bad even if the prohibition policy were temporary. Some, however, who go further afield for reasons for what they wish to do, preach drinking and buying from bootleggers for the very purpose of breaking down the law and thus forcing a change. On the hypothesis I have proposed this excuse entirely disappears.

Of course, this last election was not a referendum, though enthusiastic drys proclaim it as such. All we can say is that no political party or candidate is likely to try the experiment which Smith and Raskob tried this time. That is a great gain. The nearest to a referendum we can ever get is the election of members of Congress. Each house has steadily grown drier with every election. In the Senate just elected there will be eighty drys and sixteen wets—83⅓ percent. In the new House the proportion of drys is 75½ per cent. This beats all previous records. We must remember, too, that a large proportion of these drys were elected over dry opponents. Now, if this goes on ten years more and the two houses are, say 80 and 90 per cent dry, will the wet newspapers still refrain from preaching the abstinence that offers the only cure? Will they still preach doctrines which cannot budge the prohibition policy, but which inevitably promote drinking, bootlegging and bribery?

These Congressional majorities are merely a part of a revolution in public sentiment that has been going on in this country for over a hundred years. You and I may not like it, but, in steering our course as good citizens, we should be fools to ignore it. The change from our present condition to complete abstinence would not be as great as that from 1828 to 1928. We are not going back.

And it is now a world movement. The number of prohibitionists in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany and Scandanavia grows apace. The setbacks which come are like those that have come in some States in this country, and nowhere does the fight against alcohol show the slightest sign of abating. Mussolini drastically cut down the number of taverns and the hours during which they might be open, one of his reasons being that in this way he could prevent the oncoming of prohibition. Even in France there are stirrings. England drinks



only a fraction of the hard liquor she drank in 1910, and the distillers complain that they are getting prohibition through taxation. The youth movement throughout Germany is strongly against alcohol.

Let us remember that the dry majority in this country would be more enormous still if the question were one of the repeal of the amendment. And yet nothing else can possibly help the situation. With the amendment standing, all modifications of the law are quite futile as far as bootlegging and bribery are concerned.

Of course talk about nullification is merely silly. Can you nullify the corruption? Governor Smith and his wet friends have gone as far toward nullifying the amendment and the Volstead act in New York as possible. Have you abolished the corruption? Has not every policeman the power to enforce the Volstead act? Can a man start a speakeasy without squaring the police? While the law stands we must observe it or contribute to this corruption.

As I have said, it is nothing but blindness to the facts that makes the wets think of repeal or modification. It is they who have become the fanatics. It is they who can see nothing in proper proportion. They see the doings in the wettest of the wet section and especially in the smart set, and they cannot realize what a very small proportion of this great country this set represents. They see the dry majorities roll steadily up over a large part of the country, and they cannot take in the fact that hundreds of thousands of practical people are voting dry because they see the results and are pleased with them.

Of course the Constitution is ruined. But the poor old thing has been ruined so often that it is used to it. It was ruined when Jefferson first found out the power of the Federal courts. It was ruined when Josiah Quincy found that we were going to admit Louisiana. It has been ruined at various periods ever since. I do not see what we can do except worry along with the old instrument till President Butler recovers his sense of humor.

One would not make this appeal to a man whose motto is "Let the country go to the devil, I am going to have my drink." But we need not consider him. He generally has no moral courage, and in time will fall into line. Lack of moral courage is at the back of a great deal of this social drinking that goes on now. But there are hundreds of thousands of men the country over who without fuss have changed their habits in this respect.

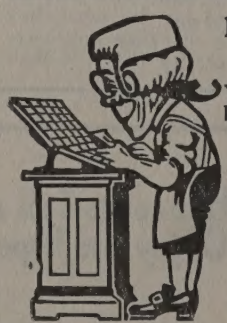
You must choose one of the two alternatives. You must go on justifying and encouraging the man who makes bribery necessary, or you must preach an abstinence against which the bootlegger and the briber have no defense, an abstinence which cuts at the very root of all the evils complained of in connection with prohibition, an abstinence which will double all of the benefits which are credited to that policy. I have indicated that this abstinence will some day be universal. The process of making it so we can lengthen or shorten, thereby increasing or diminishing the corruption and demoralization through which we must travel. Of course it is a long process, but there is no other way out. There is no other way in harmony with the trend of modern civilization.

HORACE D. TAFT.

## TEN COMMANDMENTS TO END WAR

1. Thou shalt adopt the Golden Rule, and apply it at all times and to all people.
2. Thou shalt cut out all personal profit in war of any kind.
3. Thou shalt do away with all secret diplomacy, and have all international conference and treaties in the open.
4. Thou shalt not teach militarism to the young in public schools, or private organizations. As the sapling is bent, so grows the tree.
5. Thou shalt not glorify human butchers as heroes and hold them up as examples to the youth of the land.
6. Thou shalt not use the films, radios, or public press to exhibit, advertise, publish military activity, and spread militaristic poison to fill the mind and conscience of the people.
7. Thou shalt give the youth of the land sun, air, exercise, drill; but discard guns, sabres, military trappings. Physical and mental culture, yes; but domination of military martinets, no.
8. Thou shalt not allow our Government to apply imperalistic policy, or to follow the dollar with the flag, guns, and bombs.
9. Thou shalt not allow a false patriotism, a jingo nationalism, a greedy commercialism, an egotistic complex, a self-obsession to dominate our dealings with the world and brother nations.
10. Thou shalt not allow the hosts of greed and Militarism to use our churches, our educational system, our public press, our civic and fraternal societies, as vehicles to excite and fool the people and drive them into the world's greatest crime—WAR.

From *The Herald of Peace,* California.

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